TO HIS LOVING
Kinſman, and approued Friend,
Mr. HENRY CHOLMELY Eſquire:
WILLIAM HORNBY wiſheth
all health and happineſſe.

I Haue preſum'd to Dedicate
this Booke
Vnto your ſelfe (Kind Sir)
vouchſafe to looke
Into the ſame: and with
iudicious eyes
View here the difference
twixt the foole and wiſe.
I count them fooles, which night by night doe ſit
In Tauernes for to fooliſie their wit;
Suffring ſtrong wine to domineire and braue,
And ſo make Reaſon a poore captiue ſlaue:
Who with Hell-ſmoaking vapours doe delight
To turne night into day, day into night:
In which they Time, Wealth, Wit, and all doe waſt,

Because to beggery they soone would hast.
I deeme them wise which can this sinne eschew,
And blesse themselues from such a damned crew
Of hatefull hell-hounds, in all sinnes growne ripe,
Which daily daunce before the Diuels Pipe:
There's not a vice, but they'r expert in all
And ready into Hels wide mouth to fall.
At Bacchus Altars they their sinnes deplore:
And Venus for their Goddesse doe adore.
All vertuous thoughts they from their hearts expell,
And neuer thinke of Iudgement, Heauen, or Hell.
Then blest are they (I say) which sober liue,
And not an eare to their intisements giue:
Which keepe decorum euer in their wyes,
Both to Gods glory, and their endlesse praise:
By this they shall preserue their wealth and name
From preiudice, from scandall and from shame:
By this they shall be honor'd and renown'd.
Where speciall vertues in them so abound,
'Tis euer best a golden meane to keepe,
And not to climbe too high, nor wade too deepe,
Lest climbing high the greater be their fall,
And by deepe wading they be drown'd withall.
To keepe vs then from falling either way,
Vpon this stiffe lot our affections stay.

Of blessed Golden Meane, there let vs rest,
So liue, so die, and dying so be blest.
Thus hopeing you will kindely this receiue,
The rest vnto your generous thoughts I leaue.

Your Kinsman
to be commanded,
Hornby, W.

TO ALL THE IMPIOVS, and relentleſſe-harted RVFFIANS and ROYSTERS vnder *Bacchus* Regiment:

Cornu-apes wiſheth remorſe of Conſcience, and more increaſe of Grace.

YOu Roaring-boyes, which vſe to drinke and ſweare
As if you ſtraight would cauſe the Diuell appeare
Amongſt you, for your execrable crimes,
To fetch you vnto Hell before your times:
View here the farewell of my youths-greene folly,
Which breedes my ioy, but your ſad melancholy.
'Tis ioy to me, becauſe I now doe leaue them:
But griefe to you that I no more receiue them.
Thus 'tis my onely comfort, but your ſadneſſe,
That ſtill I will not follow you in badneſſe:
For they which be compoſed of all euill,
Care not how many goe vnto the Diuell;
That as on earth they all alike doe fare,
Euen ſo in Hell like torments they may ſhare.
Once I was vaine, yet now I doe abhorre it:
But I may blame ſuch wicked tempters for it.
Now by the light of Grace my faults I ſee,
How vaine, how vilde, and how corrupt they be.
I feele within my breſt continuall iarres,
My Fleſh and Spirit are at mortall warres,
By reaſon of my ſinnes ſo extreame vilde,
As hard it is to haue them reconcilde.

But

But now Repentance comes, and ſhee makes peace,
And ſo the Combitants their warres doe ceale.
She bids me boldly write againſt that ſinne,
And horrid wickedneſſe, I long liu'd in.
She bids me ſpit in Drunkenneſſe foule face,
Deny, defie, and doe it all diſgrace:
With ſharpe inuectiues bitterly to rate it,
Reuile, deteſt, and vtterly to hate it.
Thus I of *Bacchus* ſeruice am aſham'd,
Let me a Coward therefore be proclaim'd
At drinking healths: to drinke ſo out of health
They are vilde members in a Common-wealth.
Let Drunkards publiſh this for their owne grace
In euery Towne and Corporation place,
That where I ſee pots ſtand in battle-ray,
They make me Coward-like to runne away:
With this loud clamour I am well content,
'Twill be my praiſe, but their diſparagement.
Then they which filthy be, ſo ſtill remaine,
Who toucheth pitch, muſt needes his fingers ſtaine.
I will proceede euen as I haue begun,
Vertue ſhall be the race I meane to run.
And ſo baſe Drunkards all, I you defie,
Thus I will liue, and thus I hope to dye.

Yours if you will turne to Grace,
elſe not;

CORNV-APES.

Hornby, W.

COme Drunkennesse, untrusse,
and naked strip thee:
For without mercy
I will soundly whip thee.
I haue prepar'd a Scourge
I hope will smart,
Because I doe abhorre thee
with my heart.
Then will I pinch, nip, teare,
and burne thy skinne,
To make thee (if thou canst)
to feele thy sinne.
So serue thee in thy kinde,
and let thee passe,
For the most wildest Rogue
that euer was.
Ile vse thee like a Dogge, a Iew, a Slaue,
Expect no mercy from my hands to haue.

THE

THE SCOVRGE
Of Drvnkennes

Cornv-apes his Farewell to *Folly, or his Metamorphosis, wherein hee doth shew* his vnfaigned hatred to euill Company such as bee *Drunkards, swearers, and such like; which God* doth hate: And also, where hee doth briefly display the effects of Drunkennesse, with *his Detestation of frequenting Ale-houses: profitable to all, and* hurtfull to none.

Itter sweet pleasing
vanities adue,
Yee subtill *Syrens*
sing vnto your selues,
For from your songs,
much preiudice ensue
I list no longer
for to trust such Elues,
Sing, play, pipe, dance, your Grandsires Galliard round,
Swagger and sweare, dice, drab, and drinke profound.

The Crowing Cocke which sharpely checked *Peter*,
The Scriech-Owles hideous notes giue more content,
The croaking night-Raun yeeldeth tunes much sweeter
Then the vaine musicke your vile breaths haue spent:
These are and haue beene ominous to some,
But yours presage a dismall end to come.

To damp and quench the heat of all your sport,
Let me but tell you the true end of all,
You that to brothell houses doe resort,
And vnto Dicing and to Drinking fall.
I will bee plaine the very truth to tell,
Such bee the highwayes and the gates to Hell.

meat haue sance. Your eager sports to easeleſſe griefe doe tend;
Your mirth in mourning, and your bliſſe in bane,
Your weale in woe, your wealth in wrack shall end,
Your sweet in sower, your pleasure all in paine:
This is the song my dolefull Muse begins,
Which doth declare the stipend of foule sins.

Then suck Tobacco, and swell vp your iawes,
And make your nostrils like to Chimneyes smoake,
Still bee rebellious to your Makers lawes,
If that you will his anger so prouoke:
For be you sure though he be slow to ire,
His wrath will come as a consuming fire.

Be as you are if you will not amend,
As I haue beene I will no more bee so,
As I haue beene, I was not my owne friend,
But to my selfe a very deadly foe:
Then as I was, I doe my selfe deny,
And all the follies of my youth defie.

In bearing of my name, I beare my shame,
My name is spotted with my sinnes offence,
But true repentance yet will cleare the same,
And make for it (I hope) a recompence,
Then farewell all the follies of my youth,
Which haue beene Traytors for to worke my ruth.

Most vaine delights haue hurt me all they can,
In doing to me vilde and great disgrace,
I now will mortifie a sinfull man,
Repentance doth thurst folly out of place:
Folly therefore for euer fare thee well,
For true Repentance in my heart doth dwell.

Bacchus thou God of all ebriety,
Which dost obtuce and blunt the edge of wit,
Thou enemy vnto sobriety,
Which mak'st some rage as in a franticke fit,
Who so frequents thy Court shall not be wise,
To thee therefore no more Ile sacrifice.

Thou which dost cause the liquid iuyce of Grape,
For to possesse mens seuerall heads with rage,
Some for to dance the Anticke like an Ape,
And some to sing as twere a Bird in Cage: (teares,
Some Maudlin-drunke doe straight distill downe
And some like great *Bucephalus*, carreares,

Some, fall to sweare, blaspheme, to cogge and lye,
And some will rattle pots against the wall,
Some in pot valour will his man-hood trye,
And some to other pretty feats will fall:
Some then will run through fire and water deepe,
And some be silent and fall fast asleepe.

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Some, arm'd in Ale, will stoutly prate of Warres,
And some will in an Ale-house draw his dagger,
Some will ore looke the Moone and all the starres,
And some will in a beastly humor swagger,
And some wil offer to no Creature wrong,
Because the Crampe is in his legs and tongue.

Some, like an Ape, will featly mumpe and mow,
When Drinke hath much deformd his formall face,
And some will reele when as hee cannot goe,
And some will runne and ride the wild-goose chase:
And some will shout and hallow like mad men,
And some wil roare like Lions in a Den.

Some valiant *Hercules* wil imitate,
To fetch the triple-headed Dog from Hell,
Cow- And some of great atchiuements then wil prate,
liant. As if their deeds should *Hercules* excell:
And some will fight vp to the knees in blood,
For his friends sake if it will doe him good.

Some like an adiectiue doe props require,
For to support their ill distempered bodies,
And some like Swine doe wallow in the mire:
And some goe gazing here and there like noddies,
Some hath the ach so grieuous in his head,
That hee wants helpe to carry him to bed.

Some disobedient rake-hell voyd of grace,
When Drinke hath got the maistry of his wit,
Will call his father foole before his face,
And checke by iole by him wil boldly sit.
And some in drinke wil giue a desperate stab,
And some not sticke to call his mother Drab.

Some hath his face most curiously bedeckt
With Carbuncles and buttry buttons fine,
And some will haue his face most strangely fleckt
Like Creame and Strawberries or Claret-wine:
And some will haue his nose most rich bespread
With Pearles and Crinkoms mixt with crimson red.

Most admirable rich faces.

Some to maintaine his huge red bottle nose,
Least that the fire should be extinct and dye,
Ere he want cash to drinke hee'll paune his cloaths:
So make his backe out of his belly cry,
And bitterly the same to ban and curse,
That by his paunch his backe should fare the worse.

Some, ere he want his quenchlesse thirst to slake,
Will Conicatch and cheate, so liue by's wit:
And some nere greatly care a purse to take,
If opportunitie their purpose fit:
Thus may wee see, this sinne Ebrietie
Doth linke together much impietie.

All these are *Bacchus* Prentises free made
Of that foule trade of filthy Drunkennesse,
His Liuery is on their fronts displaid,
And true deuotion they to him expresse,
At's Altars they Tobacco sacrifice,
And honour him in all due quaffing wise.

He traines them vp, and frames them, makes them fit,
For death, destruction, and eternall woe,
Their sinnes will sincke them to th'infernall pit,
Where Drunkards all without repentance goe:
Besides all earthly blessing quite forsake them,
And shame and beggery doe ouertake them.

Hornby, W.

Who euer knew but that some fearefull end,
At vnawares these Malt-wormes did surprize,
In which God doth his Iustice right extend,
As he is all-vpright, all-iust, all-wise,
His menaces they neuer feare at all,
Vntill his iudgements on their heads doe fall.

But first, being loath for euer they should dye,
He warnes them faire (as warned folkes may liue)
And with delayes he likewise them doth trye,
Deferring still due punishment to giue:
But when he sees they will not turne to grace,
His Iudgment straight doth mercy quite displace.

There is no resisting against Death

Then grim-fac'd Death comes with his Mace in's fist,
And at Gods suite doth soddaine them arrest,
When tis in vaine to rescue or resist,
His conquering hand doth euer get the best:
Hee is Gods Sargeant, and no kinde of baile
Can any whit in all the world preuaile.

Not all the costly rich Arabian Gold,
Can ransome them from Deaths strong Prison place.
Nor all the treasure that our eyes behold,
No bonds, no baile, can helpe them in this case:
No strength of men, no pollices, no lawes
Can once redeeme them out of deaths strong clawes

Thus on these lawlesse liuers hee makes seasure,
Not by one way, but by a sundry kind,
VVhich is at Gods appointment, will and pleasure,
By his decree their liues are so resign'd,
As by examples often doe appeare,

One in the midst of quaffing ends his dayes,
Euen by a sodaine stab which he receiues,
Such Accidents doe happen many wayes:
Another in a ditch lies drunke, and leaues
His liueleſſe Corpes there, grieuous to be found,
To witneſſe he was drunke ere he was dround.

Another doth receiue a woful check,
His braines round whirling with diſtempering drinke,
Downe from his horſe doth fal and breake his neck,
All theſe are heauy Iudgements wee may thinke:
Another furfetting in great exceſſe,
Dyes ſuddaine in the midſt of Drunkenneſſe.

Another hauing ſpent his onely meanes,
In a moſt drunken looſe laſciuious Vaine,
Vpon baſe Panders, filthy VVhores and Queanes,
VVhich wealth might wel him elſe in age ſuſtaine:
Hauing thus vainely ſpent a good eſtate,
By a ſad ſwing his dayes doe end their date.

He departeth out of this World in a halter.

Oh are not theſe faire warnings to take heed!
And yet alaſſe men cannot warned bee,
For ſtil they doe in drunkenneſſe exceed,
VVee are ſo blind our faults wee cannot ſee:
Drunkards, each where doe ſwarme as thick, at leaſt,
As flyes on ſome dead putrified beaſt.

Sodome did not in greater ſinne abound,
Then doth this wicked world wee now enioy,
VVhereas ten righteous men could not be found,
For which the Lord with fire did it deſtroy:
That in ſo much wee now may plainly ſee,
Sodome was burn'd, her ſinnes eſcaped bee

The Drunkards terme their Drinke Lap, a good currish comparison fit enough for such dogges as they bee.

For hee which will not take his Lap downe free,
Lap, so they terme it, such as Dogs do vse,
And dogs with such indeed doe best agree,
Because Gods Creatures they so vild abuse:
Hee's a base fellow that will this deny,
When as most basenes in themselues doth lye.

And he that will not drinke off his whole scowre,
Is a Bench-whistler, and a peasant slaue,
Oh they will raile vppon him euery houre,
And tell him hees not worthy for to haue
A boone companion or good fellowes name,
If that he rightly cannot shew the same.

But hee which branely will carouse and quaffe,
And drinke downe drunke euen to the depth of Hell,
And spend his money as it were but chaffe,
Oh thats the man that beares away the bell:
He shall bee praisd for taking of his due,
And cal'd a Captaine of the Drunken Crew.

But if to pledge a flash hee doth refuse;
They'l take the pot, and throw the drinke in's face,
And with broad scoffs, most grosely him abuse,
Thus will they vrge him to his great disgrace:
So vpon this, they must goe try their tooles,
Then out they goe to fight like drunken fooles,

When as they cannot goe, nor stand alone,
Then most of all their hearts with fury swell,
They'l make great brags to haue their valour showne,
That they will fight euen with the Diuell of Hell:
Whilst that their reputation quite doth sinke,
Base is the quarrell that begins in drinke.

But of all other hee is truely wise,
That from these ill-good-fellowes can refraine,
Though scoffingly they say he is precise,
Yet Drunkards tongues his credit cannot staine:
For blest are they which haue an euill report,
By them which are right of the Diuels consort.

'Tis great impeachment to a generous mind,
A base and paltry Ale-house to frequent,
It best befits a Tinker in his kinde,
Then any man of vertues eminent:
Goe to an Ale-house to quaffe and carouse,
'Tis Cousin Germane to a Baudy-house.

An Ale-house right decypher'd

It is the receptacle of al vices,
Where Tinkers and their Tibs doe oft repaire,
Where theeues and Iugglers with their slight deuises,
Their false got booties, at a night doe share,
Where Rogues and Runagates doe stil resort,
And euery knaue which is of euill report.

It is a Cage of all base Villany,
Where Swearers, Dicers, Cutpurses, and Cheaters,
Bul-wards and Beare-wards with like company,
Of Fidlers, Farriers, Cony-catching creatures,
Bauds, Pedlers, Panders, and such Bride-well stuffe,
As Mistris *Meritrix* with t' flaunting Ruffe.

It is a harbor for iniquity,
It is the very sincke of horrid sin,
It is a Den of all impiety,
And well is he that doth not fall therein:
It is a place of pleasure bitter-sweet,
Where Knaues and Whores doe oft together meet.

There euery saucy Iack will haue his Gyll,
And euery Knaue will with his Mate bee bold,
Naught euermore with naught frequenteth still,
Birds of a feather will together hold:
Where stinking carion doth corrupted lye,
There greedy Kytes doe altogether flye.

Thus where an Ale-house is decyphered right,
Me thinke a Gentleman should scorne to staine
His vertues, which might else giue splendor bright,
So basely in an Ale-house to remaine:
Goe to an Ale-house, why then goe to Hell;
For there all sinne and villany doth dwell.

There euery vpstart, base-condition'd slaue,
If that hee haue but money in his bagge,
A Gentleman vnto his teeth will braue,
And in his pots most malapertly bragge:
Confront him too with termes most grose and vild:
Who toucheth pitch of force shall be defilde.

Oh is't not pitty Gentlemen should drown
Their wealth, their wits, and vertues, all in drinke,
When such good qualities in them are found,
They should (alasse) so much i'th wetting shrinke?
For though they be well read, and highly borne,
Yet th'are but held in base contempt and scorne.

How much, Oh how much, doe they dimme I say,
Their Orient vertues which might else appeare,
As bright as *Cynthia* in her glorious ray,
When gentle windes the night from Clouds do cleare:
Ay me that Vertue should ly so obscure,
And prisoner-like such pennance great indure.

Then

Then Gentlemen let me you this perſwade,
From what you be doe not degenerate,
God a degree you aboue others made,
That chiefely Vertue you might imitate:
For Gentlemen from Swaines ſhould differ farre,
As doth the Moone from the leaſt twinkling ſtarre.

As for the vulgar let them ſtill be vicious,
Let them be drunke and altogether vaine,
Let them be wicked ſwearers and malicious,
If no perſwaſions can their wills reſtraine:
A ruſtick humor fits a ruſtick mind,
Onely be you from ſuch groſſe ills refinde.

Once did I ſee, I would I had not ſo,
A thing not ſtrange, yet ſtrange I would it were,
A Vicar was ſo drunke he could not goe,
With drinking of Tobacco, Ale and Beere:
Needs muſt the People then goe farre aſtray,
When as the guide doth reele out of the way.

Another time I ſaw as bad a ſight,
A Iuſtice that did rule a Corporation,
Would to the people bid at noone good-night,
By reaſon of ſtrong liquors operation:
Ill can he keepe a Towne in good ſubiection,
When as he cannot rule his owne affection.

And is not this a lamentable caſe,
They which ſhould be as Lanthornes ſhining bright,
To guide each one to run a vertuous race,
Doe more eclipſe their wayes then make them light,
Vnreuerend Sirs, your places fit you ill,
Becauſe you cheeriſh Vice and Vertue kill.

Hornby, W.

I knew a Vicar was as free a man,
As euer to this day Tobacco nosed:
Hee would not sticke to drinke off his whole Can,
If in an humor he was so disposed:
For a full cup he would be no mans debter,
Ther's not a Roaring-boy could pledge him better.

A Constable which lack't both wit and Law,
(As of them such *Lack-iudgments* there be many)
Would drinke himselfe as witlesse as a Daw,
So breake the Peace and braule and fight with any,
Infringe his Oath and oft be changing knockes,
Iudge then if he deserues not best the Stockes.

A cranke Atturney likewise I haue knowne,
Which would carouse as deepe as any other,
Vntil by drinke he would be ouerthrowne:
For to good fellowship he was sworne brother.
But may not he euen for an Ideot passe,
Will trust his Case with such a drunken Asse.

Thus they which should ciuility imbrace,
Obserue good order, and preserue the peace,
Doe altogether erre in such a case,
Which doth their endlesse infamy increase:
For when such faults by these, men vnderstand,
Who'le put a sword into a mad mans hand.

Thus they which should be perfect Presidents
Of glorious vertue and of goodly life,
Doe euen become accursed instruments,
To foster drunkennesse now growne too rife.
Cleargy doe instruct, admonish, preach,
Yet seldome follow that which they doe teach.

But though their hearts be vaine, prophane and vilde,
And for Gods word too bad and base a place
To dwell in; yet most sure t'is vndefilde,
Nor can it dimne the lustre of it's grace.
'Tis farre vnfit indeed, because so pure,
In such foule filthy vessels to indure.

So ne'retheless their doctrine may be sound,
Though they two maisters, God and Bacchus serue:
But this in sacred Writ is certaine found,
VVho serues two maisters needs from one must swerue:
Then where in such foule hearts such vices breeds,
Respect their doctrine, but reiect their deeds.

But by the way, before I further goe,
Though I affirme the Cleargy to be nought,
In gen'rall yet I doe not taxe them so,
Oh God forbid I should haue such a thought,
No there be some most sacred and diuine,
VVhose light aright, like glorious starres doe shine.

These cheerish Vertues, vices doe suppresse,
These are vnfaigned haters of foule sinne:
These sharpely doe reproue vile drunkennesse,
And other wickednesse that men liue in,
Yea these be they which onely doe endeauour,
To cure sicke soules that they may liue for euer.

God grant their doctrine I may right imbrace,
And imitate the liues which they do lead:
Then shall I gaine an euer-blessed place,
VVhich is deuoide of sorrow, griefe and dread:
God grant (I say) I such may imitate,
Vntill my latest dayes doe end their date.

I onely this and nothing more desire,
For the Worlds follyes I haue knowne too long,
And doe repent, recant, and quite retire
From those vaine wayes in which I haue gone wrong:
A better taske I now will vndergoe,
With hearty sorrow for my erring so.

And as I did beginne, I heere conclude,
To vaine delights, I now doe bid farewell,
And to the rascall drunken multitude,
Whose portions for them are reseru'd in Hell,
For these God hath ordained endlesse terrors.
If that they soone doe not repent their errors.

Vertue is she which aboue all I loue,
Vertue that leads vnto eternall blisse,
Vertue my faith and loyalty shall proue,
For her I doe adore, imbrace and kisse:
She is my comfort and my onely pleasure,
My Loue, my Doue, inestimable treasure.

She is my solace, and my sweet delight,
She is my ioy euen in my great extreames,
With her I will conuerse both day and night,
Shee'l banish all vaine thoughts, and idle dreames
Quite from my heart, for Vertue is most pure,
And can no filthy wickednesse indure.

Thus with this resolution I doe end,
No more to be by folly so misled,
The remnant of my dayes Ile better spend,
To Vertue onely I am truely wed,
She is my Spouse, Ile haue no other wife,
Till death doth come and take away my life.

A MEDITATION OF the FLESH and SPIRIT.

OH what strong oppositions doe arise,
Within my fraile, weake and vnstable breast!
My Flesh and Spirit are mortall enemies,
Excluding peace, procuring my vnrest:
I like, dislike, I hate and yet I loue
Those sinnes which to me doe false Traytors proue.

Which doe betray my soule to endlesse woe,
With all deceitfull pleasures vilde and vaine,
I faine would leaue this sinne, yet on I goe,
Surcease a while, and then returne againe:
My Spirit's willing often for to leaue it,
But then my flesh againe bids her receiue it,

My Spirit freely longeth after grace,
And doth by grace in Heauen desire to dwell,
Yet stubborne Flesh would intercept the place,
Of my Soules rest, to cast it downe to Hell,
Thus they within me striue like those two twins,
Iacob and *Esau*: yet cannot be friends.

Rebellious Flesh doth sore it selfe oppose
Against my Spirit fraught with fearefulnesse,
And enters armes with sinnes insulting foes,
Weake nature downe by violence to presse:
Feare of Gods wrath doth make me cease from sin,
Then that forgot a new I doe begin.

Three mighty Gyants doe my soule assaile,
(Great ods, my poore weake spirit to resist)
The World, the Flesh, the Diuell, all these preuaile
And by their force doe conquer as the list:
To kill and rob me of each vertuous thought,
Plots of false pleasure they haue hourely wrought.

When

Hornby, W.

When as good motions enter in my breſt,
And I bethinke me of the ſtate of Man,
How farre through ſinne I am from being bleſt,
And that my life is ſhort and but a ſpan,
The Diuell he then doth to falſe doctrine fall,
And ſaith, Sin on; thy ſinnes are Veniall.

The World it's fraught with execrable ſin,
And doth ſtirre vp my Appetite to luſt,
Vnto alluring baits it doth me win,
Seducing vnto vanities vniuſt:
And careleſſe ſaith, let Melancholly flye,
Eate, drinke, and ſleepe, to morrow thou ſhalt die.

The fleſh to pleaſures doth it ſelfe betake,
And ſteales good motions from my heart away,
So Grace and Goodnes it doth quite forſake,
Vaine Pride and Luxury for to obay,
Accounting ſinne no ſinne, and deeming hell,
To be a tale which ſome old wiues doe tell.

It ſaith that Pride is but a decent thing,
And Auarice is good frugality,
It ſaith that Swearing doth from valour ſpring,
Which doth declare mans Magnanimity;
It ſaith to quaffe is fellowſhip, right good
To mainetaine friendſhip, and to nouriſh blood,

It tels mee bounty argues a braue mind,
And *Venus* ſport is but a youthfull tricke,
Whilſt penury comes poſting faſt behind,
And with wants ſpurres doth touch me to the quick:
Thus ſtill the fleſh doth make my ſinnes ſeeme ſmall,
By falſe opinion for to worke my fall.

Fond flesh, why dost thou thus thy selfe abuse?
(Which art the onely Mansion of thy Soule,)
All gracious proffers dayly to refuse,
By rash repulse, and rigorous controule,
Yeeld sinfull Flesh, yeeld for thy after-good,
And liue in peace, in loue, in brotherhood.

Resist not still, for feare of future smart,
Delayes breed danger, as experience proue,
One time the Spirit from the Flesh shall part,
How loth wilt thou be then it should remoue:
And such a deare companion to forsake,
When as Death comes away thy soule to take.

For Soule and Body cannot euer hold
Together, but must needs a parting make,
Th'one to the Earth to be inclos'd in mold,
Th'other to rest or vnrest doth betake,
Vntill the last and dreadfull day of doome,
When quick and dead shall vnto iudgement come.

Each Soule her Body then shall repossesse,
And they that haue done well shall Heauen inherit,
But they which still Gods sacred Lawes transgresse,
They shal haue Hel, iust stipend for their merit.
For God doth all mens secret sinnes behold,
Which are in's Booke of great accompts inrold.

Then how shall I (poore wormes meat, wretched Man)
Be able for to stand before his sight,
Who me like Chaffe will winnow with his Fanne,
From the pure Wheate his chosen and delight:
Is no hope left me from despaire to keepe?
Yes sure; for *Christ is Shepheard of his Sheepe.*

Oh, ther's a Iewell for my Soules content,
Since it is so, I neuer will distrust:
My Sauiour puts Despayre to banishment,
Hee dy'd for mee, a sinner and vniust:
And by his Death and Passion I beleiue,
That vnto mercy hee will me receiue.

Although my sinnes, were euen as Scarlet, red;
And with vaine thoughts my heart was filled full;
Though in corruption I was borne and bred;
By Christ I yet am made as white as wooll:
So dearely hee hath al the world esteem'd,
That by his Death the faithfull hee redeem'd.

Christ is the onely Shepheard of renowne,
Who loues his sheepe so truely and so deare,
That for their sakes his life hee did lay downe,
That they by him might Crownes and Glory weare
In that celestial place, prepar'd for those
Which true Repentance from their hearts disclose.

(Sweet Iesus) I haue often gone astray,
And erred both in thought, in word, and deed:
O, lead me now into the perfect way,
Though great my sinnes thy mercies great exceed.
With mercy (Lord) me straying sheepe behold,
And bring me back againe into thy Fold.

Grant (gracious Father) I thy Lawes may keepe,
And that thy Statutes I may right obey:
That when the Goates are seuer'd from the Sheepe,
At thy right hand I may with comfort stay,
Where I shall heare that blessed voyce *Venite*,
So neuer feare that cursed sentence *Ite*.

In Iustice (Lord) doe not behold my sinne,
To take thereof a strict and strait accompt:
Nor in iust iudgment doe not once beginne
To punish me, because my sinnes surmount
All other sinners, whatsoere they be;
In Mercy, not in Iustice looke on mee.

Lord keepe me euer from presumptuous sinne,
So guide, direct, and order al my wayes,
That I regenerate may a new begin
To serue thee right and giue thee perfect prayse:
For who can magnifie thee in the pit?
Or giue thee prayse which doe in darkenesse sit?

O Lord, to thee I sue, I begge, intreat,
Not for my merits, but thy mercies sake,
To grant me mercy from thy mercy seate:
For my deseruings me accursed make;
Which if thou shouldst no better me regard,
Death and Hel-fire would be my iust reward.

With Sinne and Shame I am inuiron'd round;
Sinne at my right hand, shame stands at my left,
And vice and folly in me so abound,
That of thy graces I am quite bereft:
I sinne, still shame at sinne; I leese and win:
Thus dayly walke I circular in sinne.

I leese Heauens blessed and al glorious place,
In running head-long into sinne and errour:
I win Prince *Plutoes* Court of blacke disgrace,
All fraught with dread, with torment and with terrour:
This is my iust desert, my due, my meede,
If thou (Oh Lord) in Iustice should'st proceede.

Since then I am ſo wicked and ſo vaine,
So vilde, ſo wretched in thy gracious ſight:
My impure heart, which filthy ſinne doth ſtaine,
Make pure (O Lord,) and ſo reforme aright
The inward man; that being dead to ſinne,
I may to righteouſneſſe a new begin,

And ſo to liue; and liuing ſo, to die;
That dying ſo, I ſo may liue againe;
And ſo to liue, to all eternity.
Amongſt thy glorious Saints in Heauen to raigne.
A ſinners death thou (Lord) doſt not deſire,
If he repent and from his ſinnes retire.

Repentance then ſhal be the onely courſe
To bring me into fauour with my God:
From folly quite I will my ſelfe diuorce,
To which I haue beene wed twelue yeares and odde:
Twelue yeares and odde: I haue beene vainely led,
More oft then there be hayres vpon my head.

I will begin my *nunquam ſera* now,
And ſpend the remnant of my dayes in grace:
I haue confirm'd it with a ſolemne vow,
A life more godly euer to imbrace:
For God hath ſaid: from's word he will not flee,
Who true repents, ſhall truely pardon'd bee.

To this, by word he firme himſelfe hath tide,
Which ſtronger is then couenant, bond or bill;
Yea, better farre then all the world beſide:
For he all-faithfull is, and euer will:
Then ſincke Deſpayre into the depth of hell,
Ile truſt in God, with whom I hope to dwell.

A PRAYER AGAINST TEMPTATION.

I Now haue vow'd
from vanitie to flee,
To dedicate
my life and loue to thee.
O (gracious God) grant
I my vow may keepe,
Till Death close vp mine eyes
with his dead sleepe:
For vnlesse thou
be an assistant to it.
I, of my selfe,
vnable am to doe it.
My nature is
so sinfull, weake and fraile.
That when that Sathan doth
my thoughts assayle,
Hee oft of me
the Victory doth winne,
So beares me head-long
into grieuous sinne.
With Sathans boystrous
and contagious blast
Of great temptations
Here and there I'me cast,

Vpon the Rockes
of Feare, Diſtreſſe, and Woe,
Hope and Deſpayre
doe oft to warring goe:
Sometimes I ſay
that I will ceaſe from ſinne,
And yet through weakeneſſe
I againe begin.
Sometimes, this ſinne I doe,
and then abhorre it:
And ſometimes that,
then ſtraight craue pardon for it.
I ſinne, and for my ſinnes
doe begge remiſſion:
As if to ſinne ſtil
I would haue commiſſion.
Thus Sathan doth
againſt my ſoule conſpire,
In making of me
to my ſinnes retyre;
Thy gracious aide
I therefore doe deplore,
(Good God) that I
may euer thee adore,
With feruent zeale
and with an vpright heart,
Laying foule vice
and vanity apart:
Infuſe into my minde
thy holy grace,
Make it for thee
a ſacred manſion place.

With

With holy weapons arme
my breſt within,
That I of Sathan may
the conqueſt winne.
With Faith in thee,
with Hope and Confidence.
Let all theſe weapons
(Lord) be my defence:
For what am I
without thy gracious ayde,
But euen a filthy,
loathſome ſinner made?
What ſtrength haue I
the Diuell to withſtand,
If thou be wanting
with thy powerfull hand?
For that ſame great
old enemy to man,
Goes ſtill about
to murther whom he can:
Defend me (Lord)
from his deuouring iawes,
And make me truely
to obſerue thy Lawes.
And as thy ſelfe
mine onely maker art;
So frame my minde,
and ſo direct my heart,
That alway ſtill
may harbour in my breſt
Vnfained hate
of that I now deteſt.

FINIS.